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T H E

DISPENSARY:

Or, The new Mock Doctor

F A R C E.

*(As performed at a private THEATRE
in the Country.)*

Last. But my master Tyth'em tells me, that I
can get it done for pretty near the same price here
in London. DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

MDCCLXXX.

15482.20.23

Brown, Thomas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dr. WAX.

Mr. MUDGE, an Apothecary.

The LORD MAYOR.

Alderman CRAPE, an Undertaker.

Dr. POTION, }
Dr. MOTION, } Regular Physicians.

Mrs. MUDGE.

MARROWBONE, a Journeyman.

TOM, GEORGE, & CHARLES, Apprentices.

CAXON, a Porter.

MAID SERVANT, FOOTBOY, PATIENTS,
CONSTABLE, and ATTENDANTS.

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EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

T H E
D I S P E N S A R Y.
A C T I.

A Street.

Enter DR. POTION *and* DR. MOTION.

DR. POTION.

WHAT is your opinion, Dr. Motion, of the present epidemical Cynanche? Do you follow the *hot* or the *cold* regimen?

DR. MOTION.

A Physician, Dr. Potion, who expects to become eminent in his profession, should have something singular in his practice; for which reason I have adopted the *Luke-warm* regimen: So that when the *Hot* and the *Cold* Doctor have alarmed a family, anxious for the recovery of a favourite

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vourite child, the *Luke-warm* Physician, of course, is called in as Moderator. You understand me.

[*Enter a Porter with hand-bills. He delivers one to Dr. Potion.*]

DR. POTION.

Be so obliging, Dr. Motion, as to read this bill, for I have got a Steatomatous tumour upon my eye-lid.

DR. MOTION.

Let me see. *The CELEBRATED Dr. WAX, a Member of almost all the learned Societies in Europe, a Graduate of St. Ambrose, and an Extraordinary Licentiate of the College of Physicians, gives this public notice, That he may be consulted every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of Twelve and Two, at the shop of Mr. Mudge, Pharmacopolist, in Bilberry-Street, where all persons, labouring*

labouring under known and unknown diseases, may receive a speedy, cheap, and certain cure. The Doctor publicly asserts his supremacy over every member of the college, and for the truth of this assertion, he has only to appeal to thousands in this Metropolis, who, from the highest degree of Marasmus and Atrophy, are now in the full enjoyment of health and spirits—to the disgrace of some high characters in the healing art.

** * * The Doctor's fee for advice and medicines is only one shilling, to be returned if the patient is not relieved within twelve hours.*

There's for you, Dr. Potion! High Characters disgraced! and by a fellow who, I am well informed, was brought up to a working trade, and who at this very hour occasionally follows the occupation of a shoemaker. An impudent varlet! I told you, Dr. Potion, when we gave this artful fellow his diploma, that he would disgrace the

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the college. The question I asked him, as I well remember, was "Whether the right auricle of the heart laid towards the right, or towards the left side of the breast," when; with the most consummate effrontery, he answered "towards the left." Mark that ! I then asked him "How many nerves there were in the human body ;" he said "they were like the roots of a tree, and could not be counted." There's a fellow for a Licentiate ! However, he passed his examination, and paid his fees. Mum ! mum ! mum !

DR. MOTION.

Mum ! mum ! mum !

[*Exeunt.*

Scene,

THE DISPENSARY. 7

Scene, an Apothecary's Shop in London.

MR. MUDGE, MARROWBONE, TOM,
GEORGE, CHARLES, CAXON, and
FOOTBOY.

MR. MUDGE.

Bustle, bustle, my lads; the Procession will be here presently. Tom, form that mass of Pil Ruff into pills of five grains each: Gild them well, and let them be directed to LADY MILLINGTON. George, make up an electuary of any soft stuff in the shop, no matter what, if it only keep your elbows in motion when my Lord Mayor passes by. Charles, spread a large blister for the nape of the neck, and another for the head; and, if asked, say they are for a great Politician, who has just lost his senses. Mr. Marrowbone, you will take care to overlook the whole, and see that every thing be conducted

B

with

8 THE DISPENSARY.

with regularity and alertness. Be particularly careful that Caxon employs himself stoutly at the great mortar, and see that the Footboy rattles his sieve upon the counter with dexterity. I shall just step into the parlour, and when the procession enters the street, let me be called. *[Exit.]*

MARROWBONE.

This master of ours is a most unaccountable man indeed. Without any more private practice than would maintain a couple of Jackdaws, he preserves the appearance of full business, which gains him such credit with his neighbours, that to my knowledge he has borrowed near a thousand pounds annually for these three years past: That, however, is no business of ours; we live well, and have easy places.

TOM.

THE DISPENSARY. 9

TOM.

Mr. Marrowbone, there is not a bit of Pil Ruff in the pot.

MARROWBONE.

Then step to the Pastry Cook's, at the next door, and bring a piece of paste instantly. When disguised, it will make a box of excellent pills. [Exit Tom.]

CHARLES.

Won't that be very dishonest, Mr. Marrowbone?

MARROWBONE.

The word *Honesty*, Charles, has a different signification in the city from what it has in the country. The great Dr. Johnson, in the last edition of his Dictionary, has the word thus: HONESTY, a noun-substantive: It is derived from *honestas*, and formerly meant TRUTH, SINCERITY, B 2 UPRIGHTNESS,

IO THE DISPENSARY.

UPRIGHTNESS, but *now* has a different signification. See ROGUERY.

[*Re-enter* TOM.]

TOM.

I have brought the paste, Mr. Marrowbone; what must I do with it?

MARROWBONE.

Put it into the small brass mortar, and beat it up into a mass with a drachm of lamp black, to be formed into pills of five grains each. For the future, Charles, ask no questions, but do as you are commanded, and keep faithfully, and honestly, the secrets of the shop, to which you are bound by your indentures.

ALL.

We will be as secret as the grave, Mr. Marrowbone.

MARROWBONE.

THE DISPENSARY. II

MARROWBONE.

Sir, Sir, the procession is entering the street. I hear the music at a distance.

[Enter MR. MUDGE.]

MR. MUDGE.

All hands to work, my lads.—The great mortar sounds much too sharp.

CAXON.

We have nothing to put into it, Sir.

MR. MUDGE.

Put that into it, you blockhead (*pulling off his woollen nightcap*). Now there is something to work upon. George, move your elbows a little faster. You boy, rattle your sieve a little smarter. Bravo! Bravo!

[*Walks backwards and forwards smartly.*]

[Enter

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[Enter a procession of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen returning from the Guildhall with music. When the Lord Mayor comes opposite to the shop, Mr. Mudge respectfully bows to him.]

LORD MAYOR.

I fear, Mr. Mudge, the city is very sickly.

MR. MUDGE.

It is, my Lord; and I assure your Lordship, that at this present moment I have no less than seventy patients at the point of death.

MARROWBONE.

Seventy-three, Sir, upon the day-book.

MR. MUDGE.

Yes, seventy-three, my Lord; all of whom are under a course of my Black Antipestilential Pills; and I will engage
for

THE DISPENSARY. 13

for it, that not above one in the whole number shall die. Nay, my Lord, I have cured people even after they *were* dead. For, according to the doctrine of a celebrated Philosopher, no man is properly dead till he is rotten; and I assure your Lordship that this great discovery has not only filled my pockets, but has considerably decreased the bills of mortality. I have just now four dead men under a course of my *Reviving Embrocation*. One has already stirred his right leg; another has moved his left eye-lid; and Mr. Cotillion, the Dancing-Master, who has been two days dead, will, I hope, within a week, be able to dance a minuet. And my fourth patient, a waiter at the Devil Tavern, has been heard to cry "coming Sir" as he lay in his coffin.

LORD MAYOR.

These are wonderful cures, Mr. Mudge.

MR.

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MR. MUDGE.

Wonderful indeed! my Lord Mayor. Death, my Lord, is now quite undone: he may sell his scythe to some Irish hay-maker, and his hour-glass to the Proprietors of the Medicated Baths. Ha! ha! ha! Upon my word, my Lord Mayor, it is truly comical to see people walking the streets after lying at the bottom of the Thames for a fortnight. And no longer ago than last Friday, a man was taken to an Undertaker's in Grace-Church Street, for interment, having fallen from the top of the Monument, upon a cart loaded with hay. At first the Undertaker denied me entrance; but having obtained a Writ of Habeas Corpus, I gained admittance, and in a few hours sent the man home to his family, without any other damage than the loss of two fore teeth, which I am in hopes of replacing as soon as the Scavenger has found them.

LORD

THE DISPENSARY. 15

LORD MAYOR.

Pray, Mr. Mudge, be so kind as to let me have a box of your Piffidential Pills, and a bottle of Brocation, for I think no good family should be without them.

MR. MUDGE.

Your Lordship shall have them to-morrow. Those upon the counter are for a Mr. SMALLWOOD, of Berkshire, of whom I bought an estate the other day, value seven thousand pounds, and if I would give the world I know not how to raise the last five hundred without selling out.

LORD MAYOR.

My good friend, Mr. Mudge, bring the pills to-morrow, and think no more of the five hundred. You shall have it upon your note, and twice as much if you want it.

C

MR.

16 THE DISPENSARY.

MR. MUDGE.

I shall wait upon your Lordship to-morrow forenoon, but beg that the money may not be engaged to me, for if stocks rise in the Alley, I shall certainly sell.

LORD MAYOR.

I hope they will *fall*, Mr. Mudge; you will, however, eat your Turtle with me to-morrow at Four.

MR. MUDGE.

Your Lordship is very kind.

LORD MAYOR.

Good morrow, Mr. Mudge.

MR. MUDGE.

Good morrow, my Lord.

[The

[*The procession moves on. When Alderman Crape comes opposite to Mr. Mudge, the following short dialogue takes place.*]

ALDERMAN CRAPE.

You are a vile rascal, Mr. Mudge; and when you die, you must not expect the burial of a Christian.

MR. MUDGE.

I never offended you, Mr. Crape, in my life; and I assure you that it is my utmost ambition to live upon good terms with all my neighbours, Mr. Alderman Crape, the Undertaker, in particular.

ALDERMAN CRAPE.

The Faculty were formerly my best friends, but you, Mr. Mudge, have ruined our whole fraternity. In a little time we shall have nothing left to bury but Lapdogs and Kept Mistresses. You are a most abominable villain, Mr. Mudge, a most abominable villain indeed.

[*The procession moves off.*]

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ACT II.

A Dispensary.

MR. MUDGE, MARROWBONE, TOM,
GEORGE, CHARLES, CAXON, and
FOOTBOY.

MR. MUDGE.

It is now Twelve o'clock, and no Doctor. I fear the fellow has some thoughts of leaving us; for if you remember, Mr. Marrowbone, he has of late been remarkably careless; and no longer ago than last Wednesday he complained that our *Ling-liver Oil* stunk most abominably; when the blockhead should have known that the excellence of a medicine rises in proportion as it stinks. — But here comes the Doctor.

[Enter

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[Enter DR. WAX dressed like a shoemaker.]

DR. WAX.

Your servant, Mr. Mudge, your servant.

MR. MUDGE.

I began to think you late, Doctor.

DR. WAX.

You have no reason to complain of my punctuality, Mr. Mudge. I assure you I have had *tempting* offers. My present terms with you, Mr. Mudge, are these; the use of a black suit of cloaths and a tye wig, when I am *in* my profession—I mean *out* of my profession—for though I have gone a little beyond my *Last*, I am still a shoemaker, as you all know.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

DR.

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DR. WAX.

You also by agreement are to provide me with a pair of laced ruffles and a dinner, on the days I prescribe, together with ten shillings and sixpence in hard money. Now, what I propose is, that you shall make the sum up fifteen shillings, and at the same time engage to take your shoes of me.

MR. MUDGE.

Agreed.—And now, Doctor, what made you so late to day?

DR. WAX.

To tell you the truth, Mr. Mudge, I was debating with Mrs. Wax whether I had not better give over the trade of a Doctor. My conscience said Yes; my wife and five children said No.

MR.

THE DISPENSARY. 21

MR. MUDGE.

A plague of your conscience. A Doctor with a conscience is no Doctor at all. Do you think that Dr. Mead and Dr. Radcliffe could have left forty thousand pounds behind them if they had had any conscience? When I got you made a Doctor last year, did I not tell you that you must forswear all conscience? It is one of the most troublesome things an honest man can carry about with him.—But our patients will be here presently; so let us retire to dress for their reception. Say not a word more about conscience, Doctor.

DR. WAX.

Not one word more about it, Mr. Mudge, as I hope for forgiveness in the next world.

[*Exeunt* Mudge, Doctor, Apprentices, & Footboy.]

MARROWBONE.

MARROWBONE.

Well might our Master talk against conscience : He is one of the most unconscionable rogues that ever broke bread. Suppose you and I, Caxon, were to endeavour to preserve the small flock of conscience we have left, and turn Methodists ? You have a good voice for a *groan*, and I think I can do something as a *Preacher*. Methodism is surely one of the best religions upon earth for good eating. You remember Strap, a thin meagre fellow of a barber, that lived, or rather existed, at the next door ; he is now grown so sleek and fat with constantly preaching against the good things of this world, that I protest I mistook him the other day for Mr. SWILL, the mild ale brewer in the Minories. Besides, it is whisper'd abroad, that the leading men of the Tabernacle intend soon to petition Parliament, " That every Man may have two Wives ;" a *winter* wife, and a *summer* wife.

CAXON.

CAXON.

But if Parliament, Mr. Marrowbone, should not grant their Petition, what then?

MARROWBONE.

In that case, Caxon, they will UNANIMOUSLY RESOLVE "To have no wives at all." But hush! here comes the Doctor.]

[Enter DR. WAX, MR. MUDGE, APPRENTICES, and FOOTBOY.]

[The Doctor is conducted to his seat with great ceremony. The patients come in, and range themselves in order. A table before the Doctor, with pen, ink, and paper.]

DR. WAX.

During the course of my practice, I have observed that in cold weather, cold diseases prevail, and in hot weather, hot diseases ;

D

diseases ;

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diseases; for which reason I take care to have this Dispensary well supplied with medicines according to the respective seasons. This being a very cold day, I shall only prescribe hot things, so I hope, Mr. Marrowbone, you are well stock'd with powder'd Ginger, Allspice, Mustard, Horseradish, and Cayenne Pepper, for the use of the diseased persons now before me.

MARROWBONE.

We have provided, Sir, a most excellent stock.

DR. WAX.

You with the red face, come forward. I see you are troubled with a cold scurvy. How long have you had it?

PATIENT I.

Near two years, Doctor.—The humour is very hot indeed.

DR.

THE DISPENSARY. 25

DR. WAX.

I tell you it is very cold, and a true Norway Scurvy.—Give him an Electuary of Cayenne Pepper and Flour of Mustard.

MARROWBONE.

Take this as directed, and wash it down with three spoonfuls of Geneva and Water. You are to pay one shilling.

[Exit Patient.]

DR. WAX.

You in the brown coat, come forward. Describe your complaints.

PATIENT 2.

I have a violent pain in my side, which my neighbours call a Pleurisy. I got it by falling down stairs when I was drunk for Admiral Keppel's great victory over the Indians.

D 2

DR.

26 THE DISPENSARY.

DR. WAX.

Give this man an Electuary of Mustard and Ginger, to keep his patriotism warm.

[*Exit Patient.*

You in the blue coat, come forward.—
What business do you follow, and what
are your complaints?

PATIENT 3.

I write for the Ministry. My complaints are, a swimming in my head, with a constant craving for food.

DR. WAX.

I will have nothing to do with Writers for the Ministry. They have a Dispensary of their own.

[*Exit Patient.*

You in the grey coat, come forward.
What business do you follow, and what
are your complaints?

PATIENT

THE DISPENSARY. 27

PATIENT 4.

I am a Writer against the Ministry. My complaints are, an obstinate hoarseness and rising of the lights. I have bad nights, and horrid dreams.

DR. WAX.

I can do you no service. If you are good for any thing, the Ministry will cure you.

[*Exit Patient.*]

[*Enter a woman, who places herself behind patient 5.*]

DR. WAX.

You with the breeches under your arm, come forward. What are your complaints?

PATIENT 5.

I have, Doctor, so many complaints that I hardly know where to begin. In the first place, I have a Termagant Vixen of a wife,

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wife, who has worn me^e almost as thin as my measure : Was she to——

WOMAN.

What ! me a Termagant ! me a Vixen ! I'll pull your eyes out, you white-liver'd villain. I thought, as how, I should find you out ; and here it is you spend all your money in pills and pots of electuary. I tell you, Gentlemen, if you encourage my husband any longer, me and my poor children must go to the Work-house. The French Gentleman who lodges at our house, says, as how, he is a Mal-imaginary Man, and cannot be cured.

MR. MUDGE.

Woman, you are mad, and if you do not behave better, I shall have you sent to Bedlam.

WOMAN,

THE DISPENSARY. 29

WOMAN.

Me Mad! me a Termagant! me a Vixen! Sir, I'll box you—these breeches to half a crown. Give me the breeches, you pale-fac'd villain.

PATIENT.

Dear Molly be peaceable. They belong to Mr. Screw, my Lord Wiseacre's Butler, and if I should lose them, I must never expect to hear a word more of the Siege of Gibraltar, nor of Lord Cornwallis, nor of General Clinton, nor of Port Mahon, nor of Heider Ali, nor of the Taxes, nor of the North River, nor of Lord George Gordon, nor of—

WOMAN.

Hold your peace I say, or I will lace your doublet. Now come on; (*throws down the breeches, and puts herself in a posture*

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ture of defence) these breeches to half a crown.

MR. MUDGE.

Mistress, it is beneath my dignity to fight with a woman, so here is a crown for you. Carry your husband home, and be assured that he shall never be permitted to lay out one sixpence more in my shop.

WOMAN.

I thank you, Gentlemen. Come along you Mal-imaginary Villain. Am I a Mad-woman! am I a Termagant! am I a Vixen! am I a Vixen! (*beats him off with the breeches.*)

DR. WAX.

You in the black coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

PATIENT.

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PATIENT 6.

I am a Poet. My complaints are a violent head-ach and bloody-flux, contracted by sitting up late, writing verses for the good of my country.

DR. WAX.

Spread a blister for this patient's head, and recommend him to wipe his backside with his verses. [*Exit Patient.*]

You with the lank hair, come forward. What are your complaints?

PATIENT 7.

I am sick of love. Mrs. DOROTHY FRIZZ, the Barber's widow, scorneth my importunities. I have told her I am like an ificle upon a penthouse facing the sun. Drop by drop I consume away. She scornfully biddeth me live better, and curl my hair.

E

DR.

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DR. WAX.

I can be of no service to you, friend.

MR. MUDGE.

Mr. Marrowbone, give him a little of *your* advice.

MARROWBONE.

I would have you enter into the Militia. It will make a man of you. Eat and drink well. Cock your hat, and powder your hair. Then go to the widow, and cry, Dem'e, Madam, by the foot of Pharaoh! I will have you.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

PATIENT.

O lud! O lud! I can never be a soldier. The very *name* of PAUL JONES frightens me almost out of my senses. [*Exit Patient.*

DR.

THE DISPENSARY. 33

DR. WAX.

You in the furtout, come forward.
What business do you follow, and what
are your complaints?

PATIENT 8.

I live in Carnaby Market, Sir, and am a
Green Grocer. My complaint is a Kexy.

DR. WAX.

It is well you came to me, for I am the
only Physician in all England that knows
how to cure a Kexy. It is a very obsti-
nate and dangerous disease, to which all
persons who sit in open shops are very liable.

PATIENT.

I assure you, Doctor, that mine does not
come from that cause; for during the nine
years that I sat in an open shop, there was
not a more healthy man in all the street;
but it came upon me by hard study, and

E 2

sitting

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sitting up late reading Physic to qualify myself for a Doctor.

DR. WAX.

A Doctor ! a Green Grocer and a Doctor ! All the world are turning Doctors. There is not a blind Alley without a Doctor——and an Undertaker.

PATIENT.

I confess, Sir, that I should never have thought of being a Doctor, had it not been for a woman, who, about two months ago, came to my shop for a pennyworth of Cardus. She wanted to consult me for a child who lay sick of a fever in Hounds' Ditch. I told her honestly that though I sold herbs, I was no Doctor. The good woman shook her head, I shall never forget it, and said that it was a pity I did not go through with it, for I was half made.

DR.

DR. WAX.

She was a wicked woman for putting such a thought into your head. And now I suppose you mean to shut up your shop and practice physic. You are a very impudent fellow.

PATIENT.

I am sure, Sir, I have as much learning and common sense as my neighbour Dr. Last, who rides in his chariot, and looks as big as any of 'em.

DR. WAX.

A man may look very big, and still be no Doctor. But pray, Sir, how do you propose to get a Diploma? If you come before the College, I will swinge you and swash you, and ask you such questions as shall make your very hair stand on end.

PATIENT.

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PATIENT.

I do not intend to come before you at all. As soon as I have gone through Culpepper's Midwifery and Every man his own Doctor, I shall apply to three substantial house-keepers for a testimonial of my character, which, with ten guineas, will procure me a Degree from St. Ambrose——without any swinging or swashing at all.

DR. WAX.

Turn that impudent fellow out of the shop. I would sooner be damn'd than cure his Kexy. Turn him out.

[Exit Patient.]

DR. WAX.

You in the green coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

PATIENT,

THE DISPENSARY. 37

PATIENT 9.

I am by profession a Merry Andrew, but having lost the use of my limbs, I am rendered incapable of getting my living.

DR. WAX.

Go to the Medicated Baths, and in a month's time you will be able to leap like a frog.

[Exit Patient.]

You in the green and gold, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

PATIENT 10.

I do teach grown Gentleman and Lady to dance, but I have so much Rheumatic dat I can nor rise nor sink.

DR. WAX.

Go to the Vapour Baths, and they will make you as supple as an Eel.

PATIENT.

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PATIENT.

Vill de Gentlemen cure me for noting,
for I have got no monies.

DR. WAX.

Probably they will.

PATIENT.

Den me vill teach de Gentlemen to dance
for noting; for by Gar dey all very moch
vant it. *[Exit Patient.]*

DR. WAX.

I assure you, Mr. Mudge, I have seen
more cures perform'd by these Baths than
by all the medicines of the College.

MR. MUDGE.

Begging your pardon, Doctor, they
have already done a wonderful deal of mis-
chief. Mrs. Pigtail, the Tobacconist's
wife, was the other day almost melted
into

into a jelly; and one Snip, a Master Taylor, was so sweated, that, for a wager, he jumped through his own thimble. Seriously speaking, they must be put down by Parliament, or we shall all be ruined.

DR. WAX.

I will not unsay what I have said, for any man in England.

MR. MUDGE.

Is it for this I have fed you, cloathed you, and supported your beggarly family!

DR. WAX.

Sir, I scorn your words.

[They fight, and in the scuffle each receives a bloody nose.]

F

MR.

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MR. MUDGE.

Call a Constable! Call a Constable!

[Enter Mrs. Mudge with a Yard Measure, and her Maid with a Mop. They join in the attack upon the Doctor.]

BOTH.

Murder! Murder! Murder! Fire! Fire! Fire! Oh! my poor Husband. Oh! my poor Master. Murder! Murder!

[Enter CONSTABLE and ATTENDANTS.]

CONSTABLE.

Hey-day! what's the matter? Has a murder been committed?

MR. MUDGE.

Yes, yes, Mr. Constable; that fellow has committed more murders in my shop, than

THE DISPENSARY. 41

than ten tongues can tell. Seize him!
Seize him!

[The Doctor is carried off.]

MRS. MUDGE.

And now, Mr. Mudge, since you have escaped with your life, let me once more intreat you to give over this wicked business, and return to your own honest trade of a Corn-cutter. No longer let us sport with the lives and constitutions of our fellow-creatures, for Providence will not permit such impositions to go unpunished.

[Comes forward.]

From us, humble as we are, the wisest may learn wisdom; and as the cackling of a goose saved the Capitol of Rome, so may the cackling of a Corn-cutter's wife preserve the Temple of Æsculapius.

[The curtain drops.]